ENGLISH MEDALLION, BRUSSELS, AND ENGLISH CARPETS.
Oil Cloths, Mattings, and Window Shades, Table and Piano Covers,
AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES. ALL GOODS ARE GUARANTEED.
HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery.
Displayed in Ten Spacious Sales-Rooms.

VOL. 7. NO. 165.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, June, 6
1863.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, POSTAGE PAID—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 110 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.

RICHARD VAUX:

WHO CAN JUST TOUCH, BUT CANNOT CLUTCH, THE GOLDEN GUBERNATORIAL PIPPIN OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHICH WILL BE RIPE 17TH JUNE, 1863.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.
J. H. JOHNSTON & CO., 150 Bowery, cor. Broome Street, New-York,
HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A FINE STOCK OF WATCHES, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, SILVER & PLATED WARE, AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

A Gr[illegible]t National Celebration.

AT A MEETING OF THE

Board of [illegible]irectors of the Union League of Philadelphia, held March 26th, 1863,

THE FOLLO[illegible]NG RESOLUTIONS, PRESENTED BY MR. CHAS. GIBBONS, WERE UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED:

RESOLVED.

1. That the [illegible]ague will celebrate the approaching anniversary of American Independence [illegible] appropriate ceremonies, at the Hall of Independence.

2. That all [illegible] Union Leagues and Associations in the United States be invited to participate [illegible] the celebration, and that they be requested to send deputations from their re[illegible]ctive bodies for that purpose.

3. That it b[illegible] recommended that the deputies be authorized to represent their respective co[illegible]ituents in any action that may be deemed necessary and expedient to perfect [illegible]e organization of the friends of the American Union and Government thro[illegible]hout the United States.

4. That the Committee of Correspondence be authorized to prepare a circular letter, commu[illegible]icating these resolutions to the Union Leagues and loyal citizens of the respe[illegible]ive States, and to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry the same effect.

WM. M. MEREDITH, President.

GEO H. [illegible]NKER, Secretary.

Union League Headquarters.

AGENTS [illegible]anted in every City, Town and Regiment in the Union, to sell the NEW UNIO[illegible] LEAGUE PINS, together with all kinds of JEWELRY and MASONIC EM[illegible]LEMS. [illegible] will send as sample, on the receipt of either 25 or 50 cents, one of the U. L. P[illegible]ns, together with my wholesale Circular, and on the receipt of $1 I will send either a FINE GOLD PEN and PENCIL, or MASONIC PIN or RIN[illegible], or a new style VEST CHAIN, or GUARD CHAIN, or NECK CHAIN, or [illegible]t of NEW STYLE STUD-BUTTONS.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweller,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

HUDSON HEIGHTS

WATER-CURE,

Hudson City, N. J.

☞ Admirably located within twenty minutes' ride of New-York City. Passenger Cars pass the house every half hour.

☞ Patients who wish to avail themselves of the advantages of Water-Cure treatment, without being obliged to neglect their business in the City, will find this establishment admirably adapted to their wants.

For terms apply to

A. H. LAIDLAW, M.D.,
On the Premises.

THE PROGRAMME!

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN THE CITY.

A JOURNAL OF THE

DRAMA, MUSIC, LITERATURE, ART, ETC.

Published Daily, and to be Seen Everywhere.

Circulation - - - - 45,000.

Published at 116 Nassau-St., New-York.

C. McLACHLAN & CO.,
Publishers.

AUGUST BRENTANO'S

BOOK, STATIONERY, & NEWS EMPORIUM,

708 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON PLACE, NEW-YORK.

A. BRENTANO, in soliciting the continuance of that patronage and support which has been so liberally bestowed on him during the past seven years, respectfully assures his friends and the public in general, that no exertion will be spared on his part to merit that decided preference which his unremitting attention to business has hitherto secured to him.

Books, Magazines, and all the leading Periodicals of the United States and Great Britain, promptly supplied.

NEWSPAPERS.—In addition to the New-York, Boston, Philadelphia, Louisville, (Ky.,) and New-Orleans papers, the California Steamer Papers are regularly received.

☞ Any paper published in the principal cities of the U. S. can be obtained within two hours after the order is given.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

The largest and most select assortment of Gents' Furnishing Goods in the City, at SMITH & WATERBURY'S, 146 Fulton Street.

☞ Gauze Merino Shirts and Drawers, Negligee Shirts, Linen and Jean Drawers, Gloves, Hosiery, and every description of Goods for Summer Wear, constantly on hand.

VANITY FAIR.

THE WEEKLY ISSUE OF THIS

GREAT ORIGINAL, HUMOROUS, AND SATIRICAL ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

WAS RESUMED MAY FIRST, AND IS FOR SALE AT THE OLD PRICE OF

SIX CENTS PER COPY.

No advance of price, notwithstanding the still increased cost of materials, and **no abatement in size.**

VANITY FAIR, believing that it is the duty of the patriot to forego every **other consideration for the time** being, and to strike at the heart of this rebellion **until it is thoroughly crushed,** will lend its humble aid to sustain the Government **in this necessary work, and** at the same time pay attention to our enemies without, **making the paper** in **every particular** THOROUGHLY NATIONAL.

Back Numbers and Bound Volumes of Vanity Fair furnished direct, or through Agents. **Remember,** this is the only Original, Humorous, and Satirical Illustrated Paper **published in** America; every article and every illustration being prepared **expressly for it.**

Conducted by men who are familiar with the political history of the country who **know what the** public wants, it is not to be wondered at that the political, **illustrations of** VANITY FAIR have surpassed all of our contemporaries in design, **effect, and** sarcastic humor. Our Engravings can be found nowhere else. **In every respect** they are strictly original, not transfers from PUNCH or other **foreign papers,** nor reproductions for the tenth time from old blocks, made to do **duty under new** titles, or, when original, engraved by unskilful, cheap workmen, **but every one** is the creation of a superior artist for the special number in which **it appears, engraved** by first-class artists, AND IS NEVER USED THE SECOND **TIME ON THE** PAPER.

The **paper** will be published every Saturday, and will be for sale everywhere **one week** preceding its date, at SIX CENTS per copy, but those who wish to **sustain it** will do so more thoroughly by subscribing, and remitting us THREE DOLLARS, for which the paper will be sent one year, post-paid.

Two Copies to one address for....$5. | Five Copies to one address for....$11.
ALL MAILED FREE.

To any person sending us Forty-five Dollars, for Twenty Yearly Subscriptions, we will send a complete set of VANITY FAIR—Six Volumes bound—as a premium, and the papers, postage paid, to subscribers.

POLITICAL CLUBS will be furnished at $4 per hundred, they paying Express charges. Orders and subscriptions in all cases to be accompanied with the money and legible directions for mailing or express.

Remittances in **Government money preferred.** Seal all letters securely, and address plainly to

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,

Publisher for Proprietors, 116 Nassau Street, New-York.

Published for the Proprietors, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, at 116 Nassau Street, [illegible]

OUR NATIVE TONGUE.

English Tourist.—"Don't seem to like my money—eh?"
Bar-Keeper.—"Bogus spondulix cantjerkemonme naryaredovem."
English Tourist.—"Oh, ah!—a Polish refugee I think. What a cosmopolis this New-York is, to be sure!"

But, "What's the Odds?"

Charles Ingersoll's Father is reported to have said, that, "had he been a man at the time of the Revolution, he would have been a Tory."

His hopeful Son's proclivities are, certainly, of a different character, inasmuch as Charles is known to be a No-tori-ous Copperhead!

Warranted to Wash.

"The dresses look dirty," remarked Valentine, after a prolonged gaze at the stage through his lorgnette.

"That is provoking," said Orson, "considering the time you have devoted to Scouring them with your opera-glass."

The "Man with the Glass."

The "intelligent contraband" and the "reliable gentleman" may hide their dishonored heads, now, and retire into private life. A greater authority than either of them is now on hand wherever the battle rages. He is mysteriously alluded to as the "Person who saw the operations through a Glass;" though, from the general tenor of his reports, we should be inclined to suppose that he occasionally sees things through the medium of several glasses, the magnifying power of which is due to the presence of some remarkably powerful stimulant—say Old Rye.

"Watch! Watch!"

We observe that the "Watch Committee" of Liverpool repudiate the statement that they "had actively exerted themselves in hunting down the Confederate agents in the matter of the *Alexandra*," etc.

Very well. All we have got to say on that head is, that the Watch of Liverpool decidedly requires Winding Up.

COPPERHEAD LYRICS.

No. VI.

Air—*The Brave Old Oak.* (*Joke.*)

A song for our Clem, our brave old Clem,
Who has ruled in our councils long!
Here's health and renown to his precious old crown,
To his heart and midriff strong!
There's fear in his frown, though his sun's gone down
And his fire in the West fades out;
And he shows his might when his friends at night
His name (with a tiger) shout!
Then here's to our Clem, our bully old Clem,
Who's gone down South alone;
And still flourish he (though how, we don't see)
When a hundred more are gone!

In the days of old, when cheek and gold
Had helped him on his way,
Through the grass at his feet crept Copperheads sweet
To gather the dues of May.
And on that day to a jolly old lay
They frolicked like hopeful swains;
He is gone—good as dead—to the Rebs he's led,
But the plunder still remains!
Then here's to our Clem, etc.

He saw the rare times when Copperhead rhymes
Were a merry song to hear;
When the Hole-in-the-Wall, and bar-rooms all,
Were filled with whisky and beer.
Now Abe has the sway we must obey,
And a tyrant strong is he;
How else could he send our ancient friend
To be tossed on so rough a sea?
Then here's to our Clem, etc.

Oh! strong is Clem, our brave old Clem,
Though he's gone beyond the lines;
We can tell how he groans, how he aches in his bones,
How the Banished Patriot pines.
His faintest sigh (though it's all in my eye)
Shall make Bill Seward start;
Oh! well shall our Clem—our Martyr (ahem!)—
Perform his noble part!
Then here's to our Clem, etc.

In the days to come, when our Clem's safe home,
And everything goes well;
When we're out on a spree, half mad with glee,
How well this joke will tell!
Welcome and free, with the Rebs, was he—
He lacked for nothing good;
And all the while his "treatment vile,"
Helped the cause as nothing else could!
Then here's to our Clem, our bully old Clem,
Who's gone down South alone;
And still flourish he (though how, we don't see)
When a hundred more are gone!

Bad for the Bachelors.

Q. Why is a single man likely to catch cold before a married man?

A. Because he "stands first in the draft."

SUGGESTIONS FOR A SUBMARINE CABLE.

GREAT efforts are being made, now, on both sides of the Atlantic, to lay down an effectual line of communication between Europe and America. Much of the difficulty that exists in bringing this project to a desirable result arises, we believe, from the imperfect nature of the materials hitherto employed in the composition of the cable, some of which, for instance, would not stand water, while others would not stand fire, and could not be expected to act, therefore, as vehicles for the transmission of lightning. It appears to us that the Copperhead is the only proper material out of which to manufacture the desired submarine rope. There are many reasons in favor of using the Copperhead for this purpose. The Copperhead, for the most part, is waterproof—the majority of those known to us being, indeed, entirely impervious to the slightest drop of that wholesome but feeble fluid. He is likewise fireproof, as appears from the fact of his swallowing, daily and nightly, large draughts of a deleterious liquor known as "red-eye," a single drop of which will burn a hole through a pail of water. It does not appear to affect the Copperhead fatally, though. The only draught to which he objects, besides water, is the draught that may draw him out from his den, and compel him to stick himself up on end and fight for the good cause. Possessed, as he is, of these qualities, we maintain that a line composed of Copperheads, spliced together neck and tail, ought immediately to be laid down between this continent and the shores of Europe. From the "alacrity in sinking" displayed by the Copperhead, a rope of his material would be certain to lie down well at the bottom. It may be objected, indeed, that truthful intelligence never could be obtained through the medium of a Copperhead cable; but to this we reply that, by a judicious application of their own "stretchers," in the process of converting them to use, their evil qualities would be modified, and reduced to a state of proper subjugation. One immense advantage is attached to this project of ours. For the construction of three thousand miles of cable, we have calculated that all the Copperheads organized under the auspices of the "Society for the diffusion of Useless Political Knowledge" would be required. Thus, we should have all the conspicuous Copperheads, and more, too, at the bottom of the sea at once—and if any sane person objects to *that* we hope he will lose no time in reducing his reasons to writing and conveying them to us by mail, post-paid, and with the necessary stamps for patchouli, wherewith to sweeten them.

RULES FOR THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Wash yourself now and then.
Change your inner garments occasionally.
Chew your meat; eschew greasy gravies.
Don't chew your tobacco.
Drink as little as you choose.
Keep your temper.
Temper your keep.
If a soldier, don't rest upon your laurels until they have been well aired.
Avoid falling out about trifles.
Fall out of windows as seldom as possible.
If your constitution requires you to sleep during the sermon, see that the sexton has an aired night-cap for you, and a bed of hot bricks to put to your feet.
Keep your mouth shut on dusty days.
Never open your mouth in frosty weather.
Close your mouth very tight when the wind blows from the east.
If your business compels you to go out before breakfast, have some breakfast first.
If it is wet underfoot, house your poor feet.
Beware of the ices of Summer and the snows of Winter.
Do not swallow too many telegrams.
Keep out of The Street when gold is falling.
If the silver of advancing years is on your head, don't change it for paper.
Don't let your circulation slacken; especially if you are a newspaper man.
Use tooth-powder in preference to gun-powder.
Neither sleep in hot rooms nor eat mushrooms.
Live on six nickel cents a day; but don't urn them, as some wretched speculators appear to be doing now.
If a Copperhead bites you, try some of our caustic.
Read the remarks of the *Express* upon our jokes. They may be beneficial to you from the fact of our jokes being mixed up with them.
Partake sparingly of wild-fowl—particularly of the *canards* that come to us from Mexico.
Violate, persistently, all the sanitary rules insisted on by *Hall's Journal of Health*.
If you can account for the milk in the cocoa-nut, do not hesitate to make free use of it.
Never eat your own words, unless you are madly desirous of giving an additional flavor to the Cup of Bitterness.
Should your thermometer indicate an extreme degree of cold or heat, immerse it in hot or cold water, until it arrives at a proper sense of its duty.
If you are subject to Swelling, wear kid gloves next your skin.
Rise early: before you are twenty-five, if possible.
Renounce the effeminate practice of going to and returning from your business by stage. How much more manly it would be for the business men of New-York to traverse the city on parlor-skates!
Don't let your physique go to the dogs.
Always dress yourself with care.
Never dress your salad with cod-liver oil.

THE SYMPATHETIC LOAFER.

AIR.—*Jock o' Hazeldean.*

"Why loaf you in the street, Mister—
Why loaf you in the street?
I'll make you Captain of a band
That never knew defeat;
And you'll see service if you will"—
In fact, much more I said;
But there he stood, and scorn'wed still,
CLEM, the Copperhead!

"Pray let your rheumy eyes be dry,
Your sounding sighs hush up;
Your country 's quaffing, gloomily,
A sternly-bitter cup;
Sweeten the mixture all you can—
Enlist! enlist!" I said;
He paused, but soon a wail began
For CLEM, the Copperhead.

"Honor and fame you shall not lack,
Nor gold, nor future ease;
Conscience shall pat you on the back,
Your neighbors you shall please;
And history shall embalm your name—
Enlist! enlist!" I said;
Still he complained, and felt no shame
For CLEM, the Copperhead.

"Say, will you promise *this*, Mister—
That should some mighty raid,
Some sudden danger darkly raise,
You will your country aid?
You surely can't get out of *this!*
Promise! promise!" I said;
He promised, and I heard the hiss
Of CLEM, the Copperhead.

The bugle sounded far and wide,
The streamers floated fair,
The rich and the poor stood side by side,
Sinner and saint were there;
They sought him; but, I grieve to say,
The loafing wretch was fled
Over the border and away
To CLEM, the Copperhead!

ORPHEUS IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

THE production of GLUCK'S fine old, fruity opera, "Orpheus," at the Winter Garden, has inspired us with some wild, irrepressible fancies, for which we are very much obliged to it, and shall be grateful for a further supply, as the weather is going to be hot, now, and thinking for jokes is about as cheerful an occupation as stoking a furnace in July, to get new faces in the coals.

Were not the mythologists prophets? Guess they must have been. There's hardly anything ever invented by them which is not more or less applicable to things of the present day. Here, now, in "Orpheus," we have glimpses of the "dismal Styx," over which awful passengers are ferried, and, O my! doesn't that remind a fellow of the telegraph poles, over which awful messages are hurried. Yes, indeed; the skeletons that ever look in at our windows climb up by those "Dismal Sticks."

Again, when the mythologist tells us that APOLLO presented ORPHEUS with a Lyre, and taught him to play upon it, don't you see the covert allusion? Fact is, POLL set ORPH up with a telegraph machine, and showed him how to jerk bogus reports off it. You may swear that the first telegraph machine was a Lyre—like the last.

The strong-minded ladies of the League were foreshadowed in the story of EURYDICE, wife of ORPHEUS. Her biographers tell us that, even after she had gone to the place unmentionable to ears polite, she "Panted once more to enjoy the smiles of ORPHEUS." From this it appears that she sported the masculine peg-tops, and went to—well, went *there* with them.

What can be more suggestive than this?

A Stitch in Time.

IT has been said by more than one unprejudiced writer, that the French, if anything, are a nation of tailors. This would seem to be corroborated by the following passage, which occurs, with variations, in all the "Latest" received from France:

"Rentes closed at 69f. 70c."

ILLUSTRATION OF "SHIRTINGS AND TWIST."—A boa-constrictor in a washerwoman's basket.

One of our Dips.

GREECE, which has been running after a King so long, seems to have cooled down now that a King has been provided for it. At least we should so judge from the following neatly wrapped up allusion in the latest London market circular:

"TALLOW quiet."

Oh, these Wires!

ONE item of the multifarious "Vicksburgh News" of last week announced that, "Our men had their colors planted on the enemy's works, and were lying on the extreme slope."

So were the telegrams, we very much fear—and Lying on the extremest kind of slope, at that.

The European Mess.

FRENCH papers announce that "the Swedish fleet is expected to arrive at Cherbourg about the end of May."

What's in the wind now? Is the *pot pourri* of European affairs going to be thickened by the addition of a Swedish Turn-up?

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

RAPPAHANNOCK, May 20th.

DEAR VANITY:—In my last, I said that you could not guess what I would write about this week. It was true.

Neither could I.

I hadn't the wildest idea.

There is, however, stirring news to record. . . .

All is quiet along the Rappahannock.

I have returned from my raiding career in the West. I left GRIERSON well, and was sorry to part from him.

He is going on a little raid, soon.

Vicksburgh has been evacuated, and reinforced by General BRAGG . . . in the New-York dailies.

In reality, it is much the same as ever, and will so remain until General GRANT takes possession of it.

This event will not be so distant as our Copperhead friends imagine.

There was a rumor, a few days since, in Washington, that Charleston had been taken. It arose from the firing of a Rebel battery, to ascertain its range.

There was a rumor, a few days since, in Charleston, that Washington had been taken. It arose from the firing of a salute at the Navy Yard.

These rumors have greatly interested the Reliable Gentleman who "confidently believes," etc. He writes for the daily newspapers.

It is said that General BRAGG is no longer in the Rebel Army. After GRIERSON'S bully raid through Mississippi, the General was taken very sick. Nausea was his trouble, and in a paroxysm of sickness he actually Threw Up his commission in the Confederate service.

This is undoubtedly true. It must be taken, however, with a grain of salt, and water.

Stonewall JACKSON, as you know, died a good Christian. But he is not the best man who has fallen before a Rebel fire, in this war. I myself, once, with a whole army, fell before it. . . .

. . . That is, we Fell Back.

But it was on account of the foe's Fell Front being opposed to us.

Under which circumstances, it would be hard to find a Feller.

. . . A truce to jesting! I never permit this lilywhite hand to wield its pen in the construction of flippant and unseemly quips. Mine is the sterner task. I depict the naked horrors of the blood-soaked field. I dwell in scenes of carnage, surrounded by the hungry vultures, the dead, the dying, "the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness."

. . . The weather is very fine, and the mud drying rapidly.

A forward movement is confidently predicted.

We await but one thing.

That is, an event; the Head of the Government must eventually be the Head of the Army. We all recognize this.

To speak plainly, we, the soldiers of the Republic, can fight better under Honest Old ABE, than under a half-skilful deputy, changed every month.

All in good time, however. We know it must come. Till then, let Fighting JOE have as good a chance as his predecessors.

. . . Vicksburgh is taken. This is true and reliable.

Later.—26*th*.—If Vicksburgh is not yet taken, it will be, very soon.

. . . At all events, as soon as possible.

I hope, however, to hear that it is taken.

And hope is a good thing, if you haven't anything better.

Of course you have heard about the killing of EARL VAN DORN, of the so-called Confederate Army. There are some odd facts connected with the affair. VAN was shot by a Dr. PETERS, for being too sweet on his (PETERS'S) daughter. It now turns out that VAN did not know Miss P. It was the Dr.'s wife. He never saw this lady, however, and wasn't any such man. Further, it is greatly doubted whether PETERS shot him at all.

This is all that I can learn, positively, about the matter. There are other statements, but they seem incongruous.

Within the ensuing six months, great operations will undoubtedly be entered upon. Maybe sooner.

Believe no correspondent but me, and believe me

Yours, MCARONE.

HUMORS OF THE DRAFT.

Mr. Jones.—"You know, my dear, that I am liable to conscription, and, in case the Habeas Corpus should fail, that—that—"

Mrs. Jones.—"Don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness on my account, Jones; if you can't find a substitute, I have no doubt that I can!"

Music that Strikes.

A provincial paper says:

"There is a strike at Buffalo, among the grain-shovellers and stevedores on the docks. It is the old tune revived."

Unless the "old tune" referred to is a Docksology, we are at a loss to imagine what it can be.

"Credat Judæus."

"At length," exclaimed the Law-Student, entering the office, after sitting through the Radsky trial; "at length I have discovered a kind of money which even a Jew will give liberally!"

"Bogus, I presume," suggested the Counsellor.

"No, sir," replied the young man, gravely; "the money I allude to is testimon(e)y!"

"I'm going very fast," as the locomotive said when the steamboat hailed it, to inquire after its health.

Nautical.

Q. When may a ship-captain be said to be wrapped up in his profession?

A. When he "wears ship."

Weapons for the South.

It appears that "Southern Clubs" are in course of formation in several parts of England.

By-and-by it will leak out that these "Southern Clubs" have some English Knobs upon them.

"Counterfeit Fives."—Brass Knuckles.

THE EXACT STATE OF AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

AS DETAILED IN SUNDAY TELEGRAMS.

At daylight on the morning of April 25th, the French army, repulsed from before the city of Puebla, fell back upon the Dry Tortugas, to recruit. Not finding any recruits there, however, they fell forward again, and halted by the Well of San Janvier. The reason they halted by the well was because most of them were lame, and the well was dry.

At daylight, on the evening of April 25th, the French army took Puebla.

General Forey was shot through the head with a shell, by a Mexican rifleman. A clammy perspiration broke out upon him, which the surgeon attributed to the fact of the shell being a clam-shell. He died of the wound on the evening of April 25th.

April 26th. General Forey has just ridden up to the top of the Carmen tower, on a white horse, and planted his staff there.

April 26th. General Forey, on a black horse, has just galloped through the Plaza of Orizaba, accompanied by his staff.

The French had not taken Puebla up to April 27th. They intend taking it by storm, but the weather is too calm for that now. Gen. Forey is reported to have deserted.

San Xavier is fully occupied by the French. There was no smoking-tobacco to be had in the place, on which account the French have abandoned it.

Puebla has fallen. The French have raised the siege of Puebla. The French are complaining of the "impossibility of penetrating Puebla."

General Ortega announces in a despatch to General Comonfort, that the French had exploded a mine on a block called Stinimo, occupied by Mexican troops. All the Mexicans were killed.

The balance of the Mexicans successfully resisted the French, on the Stinimo block.

The Mexicans have lost nothing save their abandoned forts.

A despatch from Forey states that the Mexicans could not save their abandoned forts.

Ortega has fallen back upon Comonfort. Comonfort has gone back upon Ortega.

General Forey says that no Comonfort can prevent him from taking Puebla.

ON ICE.

We understand that yet another "Arctic Exploration" is shortly to be organized, under the management of Mr. Hall, who has already acquired some celebrity in that rather idiotic sort of enterprise. We speak of Arctic expeditions as idiotic, only in connection with the times and circumstances. Situated as we are, the "whaler" in which Mr. Hall proposes to take his departure for the White North might be put to better use if converted into a gun-boat for operations against the Black South. Mr. Hall expresses himself confident of finding "an extensive body of fresh water," away up at Fox Channel. We don't want fresh water, sir. We want fresh soldiers and officers to lead them, and think you had better postpone your pic-nic among the icebergs, for the present, and go in, with your crew, for a cut at the Confederate "cause." We are sorry to throw cold water on you, thus, Mr. Hall, but it won't freeze, you know, if you go South, and keep moving.

Explanation Wanted.

In a California paper, we notice that one lady has been accusing another lady of "revolving out of her sphere."

Does the one lady mean to insinuate that the other lady divests herself of her hoop-skirt before she plunges into the whirling waltz?

THE EUROPEAN MESS.

Louis Napoleon.—"How you like my potage, hein?"

John Bull.—"Ugh! there's too much Mexico in it, and too little Poland: wants a little of my sauce."

GREAT COPPERHEAD MEETING!

LATEST FROM UNION SQUARE!!

LIBERTINISM OF SPEECH!

SPECIAL REPORT OF VANITY FAIR!

OUR Special Reporter intended to have handed in this report of the great Union Square Disunion Meeting long before, but patriotism, free speech, and free whiskey have slightly interfered. He now submits it with many apologies and a bad headache.

REPORT.

There was a grand randamambumscrimpscious meeting in Union Square (why Union?) last night. A large man, with whiskers, asked me to drink twice, and I got back just in time to observe the performance on the

FIRST STAND.

The initial speech here was according to GUNTHER. The speaker believed it easy to divide the heavens, believed in FERNANDO WOOD, believed in mesmeric astrology, and would believe in anything you could fetch him, for sixpence. If he was right, there was no clause in the Constitution directing the arrest of CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, by name. He regretted that all the respectable gentlemen invited to speak at this meeting, had declined; but there were plenty like himself who had not. (Ambiguous cheers.)

He then read something that your Reporter supposed was a Police Record, but it turned out to be a list of the officers of the meeting.

Mr. CONE said he Pined to read some resolutions. They were listened to with a small degree of patience, though it was not clear whether the big rowdy in the mulberry tree meant to call Mr. LINCOLN or Mr. CONE a male offspring of a female canine animal. The purport of the resolutions, was that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was arrested.

Letters were then read from A. OAKLY HALL, HARRY MURPHY, DICK O'GORMAN, SAN. CHURCH, CHARLEY INGERSOLL, JOHNNY PRUYN FOG. SMITH, BILLY MULLIGAN, JOE COBURN, CHARLEY COLCHESTER, ANDY SHEEHAN, AWFUL GARDNER, and other decayed sports, who, being on a spree, could not attend.

Mr. NORTON spoke. Our great duty, in this crisis, he said, was to take care of the property of our Southern brethren. He stood on SEYMOUR'S platform. No military arrests could be tolerated by disloyal people. He was one. He had read the articles of war, and did not consider himself such a darned fool as he looked. (A voice. —"We hope not!")

Misther MCMASTHERS now sprung a speech upon the multitude. He loved Misther VALLINDINGHAM more than annything in the wurreld. Under the galliant SEYMOUR, New-Yorick's four millions could keep the wurreld at bay. She had plinty of guards. (A voice. —"And blackguards.") He was one. In conclusion, he would say, Look out for your liberties, freemen. Wheriver yo see a head hit it. (Cries of "*Hanna ma diaoul!*" "*Faugh a ballagh!*" "*Wirristhroo!*" etc.)

Mr. THARIN arose and said he was once law-partner to YANCEY. He did not dislike YANCEY. He did not dislike Secession. He came there to do a bit of billingsgate against the Administration. He did not believe in fighting, but when it came to good square jaw, he felt he was the right man in the right place. He then impeached Mr. LINCOLN, referring to him as a "fool," a "king," etc. (The rumor that Mr. LINCOLN committed suicide on hearing of this is quite unfounded.)

The celebrated Judge and notorious Colonel MCCUNN, now got up and said that there was but one course for freemen, Liberty, Friendship, Annihilation, and Death. The audience did not seem to comprehend the remark.

SECOND STAND.

Here, Mr. RANKIN observed that the folks in Washington were mostly satraps; that VALLANDIGHAM was a champion; that the syren song of loyal leagues could not strap his tongue; that he raised a bloody hand; that he would not submit to have his children battered down by the satraps of the shoulder-strap; that the straps were satraped; that the satraps were strapped; that straps satraps rap traps . . . rat trap. . . .

When Captain ISAIAH RYNDERS arose and said:

"I'm not a blasted fool. D——n my body and bones! LINCOLN'S a cuss. You be blowed! D——n the Administration. VALLANDIGHAM! Come let's go and liquor."

Judge PENNY closed the service. "Why," said he, "am I called PENNY? Because I've got a Copperhead on to me." This was considered a very neat thing, but caused some indelicate remarks among the small boys on the railings, who insisted on considering the other side of the question.

STAND NO. THREE.

Here, the Unterrified DEUTSCHEN KOPPER KOPF LAGER-BUND were collected. Dr. BERGMANN led off. He said GEORGE WASHINGTON was a goot ole shentlemans. ABE LINCOLN wass ein schwartzkopf, und his crimes shmelt worse to himmel than schweitzer-kaas.

Dr. FREISCH came next. He was freisch from Deutschland. Oder der schweiss; nicht ein kladderadutsch. Boum, boum! Wass? Herr Gott's himmel-sacrement, und portziausend donner-wetter. Das wast alles. (A voice —"How about the Eleventh Corps?")

Herr BEIKLE said the same thing precisely.

The Editor of the *New-Yorker Journal* recited one of his old editorials, and was hissed.

Mr. HERMANN tried to speak, but was seized with an attack of *delirium-tremens* and was excused.

Just at this moment your Reporter was asked to drink four times.

FOURTH STAND.

Mr. D. C. BIRDSALL opened speaking at this stand. He said that he didn't say if KENNEDY was the tool of his time, and friends implored him not to, but fifty thousand men should support his wife around his neck, and here he was despite of all corrupt and meanest policemen who should read the *Times* and *Tribune*, but not another act of the Administration should happen in New-York. He continued for some time in this strain, till the audience began to depart, when

Professor MASON spoke. He rejoiced that this was New-York City. Eight hundred thousand bayonets could make it nothing else. The great danger was in the war. He preferred his children to be free. SEYMOUR was slow. The *Evening Post* said this would not go on. Every man should stand behind the Sheriff.

Mr. VAN LOON said he was not courageous. On the contrary, he was timid. He was, therefore, permitted to withdraw.

Colonel GOODWIN repeated some advice he gave President LINCOLN, and for which the President very properly snubbed him. He said he felt bad. He certainly looked so.

Mr. CALDWELL, of Maine, said that he wanted no law but Maine Law. LINCOLN was a greater traitor than any small potater repudiator. Could a man who ran against a stone wall arrest a citizen at three in the morning? No. Yet he had done it. Why? Because. In conclusion, he wanted three cheers for liberty, which were not given.

The police now appeared, mingling in considerable force with the crowd, and the speakers became scarce. Some boys lingered about the stands for a while, but as there was no prospect of a fight, they finally dispersed, leaving none to watch over the silence of the Square save two majestic figures, that of the statue of WASHINGTON and that of the Reporter of VANITY FAIR.

PECULIARITIES OF GREAT PEOPLE.

A PHOTOGRAPHER, who has lately been operating in the South, states that it takes two sittings to obtain one *carte* of HUMPHREY MARSHALL, the Jack Falstaff of Secessia. The wonder is how one *carte* can hold him

Professor MORSE, the originator of the electric telegraph, takes great pride in remarking that he has had more to do with Posting the world than any historian or other writer. "Endeavor to count the telegraph posts," he often says, "and you will believe me."

General BEAUREGARD is wont wittily to remark that he must be some relation to A. PIKE, because BEAUREGARD, *père*, was a native of Three Rivers, in Canada. That is not bad for the rebel leader; but, on the same principle, one might as well say that the Leaders in the *Express* must be related to HAMILTON FISH, because they emanate from two BROOKSES.

Governor SEYMOUR has had an iron letter-box set up for his use in the post-office at Albany. The postmaster of that city declined to give him the use of a wooden one, on account of his habit of posting incendiary letters.

It is stated, on the authority of a reliable dentist, that General LEE, of the Confederate army, has such confidence in the efficacy of the rifle, that he has had all his hollow teeth rifled. This report may have arisen, however, from the circumstance that LEE wears false teeth, which were, in all probability, rifled by some rag-picker, on the field of battle.

"BOARDERS TAKEN IN."

Fat Party.—"YES, I'M GETTING FEARFULLY STOUT, BUT HOW'S A FELLOW TO KEEP HIMSELF DOWN?"

Thin Party.—"I'LL TELL YOU: GO AND LIVE IN A BOARDING-HOUSE!"

THE FOGY AND HIS FOG.

THE Palmerston Cabinet stated in the House of Commons that government refused to permit the New-York Associated Press to erect a 'fog trumpet' off Cape Race because 'it was not thought fit to allow a foreign company to do it.'"

THERE was a fat old fogy, and his name it was JOHN BULL,
And a pudding-headed patriarch was he,
Who with beef and suet-dumplings bestowed himself so full
That his intellect obtuse began to be.

He had ships upon the ocean, that sailed for many a place,
And the danger they, of course, were oft exposed,
For example, on the foggy rocks by sailors called Cape Race
Not unfrequently their fast careers they closed.

Says a Yankee, then, to JOHN, says he, "Your losses I deplore,
And as prevention more expedient is than cure,
Let me fix my newly-patented Fog-Trumpet on your shore,
From its dangers all sea-goers to secure,"

"Fog-trumpet! you be blowed!" growled JOHN, "set up your 'ollow 'orn
In your own fog, nor with my fog interfere,
Yankee notions hinnovations are, I look upon with scorn"—
Then he grunted, and fell back upon his beer.

And the dreary fogs are falling on the dismal Cape of Doom,
And the sad ships they are surging to their fate,
No trumpet-tongue to warn them from the breakers in the gloom
As they blunder by the ice-bergs desolate.

While stolid old JOHN BULL repeats, in self-contented tone,
"Hif my hadmiralty loros hadvise, vy, blow it!
They may fit my foggy 'eadlands with hinventions of their own,
But not with Yankee notions hif I know it!"

A Con for Thirsty Souls.

Q. WHY is *delirium tremens* like a pinching boot?
A. Because it's a Tight Fit.

FABLE FOR THE CHILDREN.

TOLD BY GRANNY GRAMTHER.

MY lit-tle Dears, I am go-ing to tell you a-bout a Man that had a long Name that be-gun with a V. He lived in a coun-try that was gov-erned by a tall Man with a short Name that be-gun with an L. Well, once up-on a time, this Coun-try that was gov-erned by the tall Man with the Name that be-gun with an L, had a great deal of troub-le. Some of the peo-ple said it was a shame to be gov-erned by that Great Tall Man, who wore whiskers and was ver-y ug-ly; so a Small-er Man, that shaved ev-ery day, said if they would Re-bel against the Tall Man that wore Whis-kers, he would Gov-ern them, and be ver-y glad to. Then there was war. Oh, you can't tell how man-y men got shot. All the Good Men staid and helped their Gov-ern-or all they could. I tell you, how they did fight! And the Min-is-ters prayed ver-y hard, too. And the good men that didn't go right off to the war, said they would when the Gov-ern-or told them to, and they helped him a good deal, and sent Mon-ey and Beef-Steak, and Po-ta-toes to the Sold-iers. But there was one Man that pre-tend-ed to be Good, and he was not. His name be-gun with a V. He knew some oth-er Men that were not Good. One's name be-gun with a B, and an-other's be-gun with a W. So these Men did nothing but find fault with the Gov-ern-or. They called him a Ty-rant, and told the peo-ple to Look Out or they would all be his Slaves. They did not Blame the En-e-mies of their Coun-try, that did a Great Many Mean Things, and were ver-y cruel. So the Good Men be gun to be Angry, and I should think they would! For they found that the Man with the Name that be-gun with a V, was do-ing them more Harm with his Tongue than if he was fight-ing against them with a Gun.

So they warned him to be Care-ful, and he said he would not, for he Sup-posed that he lived in a Land of Lib-er-ty. So he kept on talk-ing Bad; and one day a Giant that was friendly to the Gov-ernor, and had a Name that begun with a B—but he was not the *Bad* Man that had the Name that be-gun with a B—he Locked him up in his Cas-tle, and told the Gov-ern-or of it. Then all the oth-er Bad Men, they Said this was the Mean-est thing that ev-er was done. They Said a Good Deal about Lib-er-ty be-ing dead; and the Good Men Said they would all go to the Fu-ne-ral, and make the Best of it. I guess if Lib-er-ty had been dead for Good, the Good Men would have cried. But you see they were only Laugh-ing—like Moth-er Hub-bard's Dog that came to Life again and was ver-y Glad to do so. Then the Gov-ern-or, when he heard of what the Gi-ant had done, Said it was just what the Bad Man want-ed, for they could make the peo-ple Pit-y him, Shut Up there in the dark. Then the Gov-ern-or thought a minute, and Said, we will Send him o-ver to the En-e-my, and let him fight us if he wants to—for I Sup-pose he does; and then these Bad Men may see that we on-ly want him to go where he be-longs, and we wish they would All go with him. Then the Bad Men be-came very qui-et, for they were all great Cowards; and pret-ty soon the War stopped, the Man that Shaved every Day cut his throat with his own razor for fear he would be Killed, and Saved him-self a Good Deal of trou-ble. For Shav-ing is ver-y trou-ble-some. Then all the Bad Men de-nied that they had been Bad, and the Good Men Said they Hoped that was true. And So ev-ery-bod-y was Hap-py, and Lived in Peace.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE, NO. XIV.

FROM CURTIUS S. L. Y. DODGE.

No. 901 Thirteenth Avenue, New-York,
May 25th, 1863.

DEAR VANITY:

HON'D SIR:—It is time we had done something in this country to prove we are not all Cowards. For one, being tired of life, I make the following prop's:

1. I will be one of *six* to start from New-York City, armed with dagger and pistol, not to stop till we have entered Rich'd and killed Jeff'n Davis.

2. I will be one of *eight* to pierce the Rebel lines, and apply the torch to princip'l mag'ne.

3. I will be one of *one hundred* to start immed'ly for Charles'n and fire that accurs'd city at one hundred diff't points.

4. As it may be diffi't to find men will'g to coöp'te with me in the above, I will singly and alone take $50,000 to Jeff'n Davis and bribe him to give up his Cause. If there is anything left after this trans'n, I hereby agree to div'de it f'r and sq're with the admin'n.

Raise the m'ney and the th'g shall be Done. I wish to prove that we have some bravery left in this country.

Let me hear from somebody on this.

CURTIUS S. L. Y. DODGE.

BEWARE OF THE BEAR!

A Ballad.

HERE was a row in Cabinet,
There was a row all 'round;
Prime Ministers were looking dumb—
They heard an awful sound—
An awful sound from Yankee land,
Which made them sour and surly;
"No cotton," scream'd the Gallic Cock,
"No cotton," Bull the Burly!
Oh, fierce arose the bellowing!
Oh, war-like their intention!
Bland *Punch* grew full of vinegar—
The *Times*, of intervention.
In language far from courteous,
They cursed our eyes and souls;
When cried a voice in accent deep—
"Please don't forget the Poles!"

Thick flew the jokes at Jonathan,
And thick the bitter jibes;
In martial chorus, for the nonce,
Join'd French and English tribes.
At BILLY SEWARD sneering, and
At FRANCIS ADAMS flouting;
For war, for blood, for vengeance
Both Bull and Bull-frog shouting;
When a voice was heard across the sea
By the Soup-man and the Beery:
"Oh, pray restrain yourselves, kind sirs!"
It cried in accents cheery;
"For in your coats at home, you know,
Are several awful holes;
Pray save your breath to cool your broth,
And don't forget the Poles!"

Then gruffly growl'd the Russian Bear;
"Why pretty folks are you,
To talk of what is liberal—
To talk of what is true;
To help my serfs to flout me,
And to draw rebellious triggers,
While you've no pity in your hearts,
For flogg'd and starving niggers!
There is one moral fact, my friends,
Which history has strengthen'd;
By interloping needless oft
The longest nose is lengthened."
Oh! 'twas thus the Bear responded
To their sympathetic doles—
To their sighing and their crying,
For the poor unhappy Poles!

Bull heard, and gave a pious moan—
The Rooster took to thinking;
Then both commanded all their scribes
To fall to pen-and-inking,
To splitting hairs and weighing words,
And eke to hem and haw;
To demonstrations long and dry
On diplomatic law.
While Jonathan though sore beset
An aspiration sent
To Heaven for brave and struggling men
On either continent;
For though across his own fair land
The cannon's thunder rolls,
He yet has time and heart enough
To cry: "GOD BLESS THE POLES."

A LIKELY TALE.

A GOOD while ago we conceived the idea of studying the progressional development of the Rebels' talent in the art of lying. We found it a herculanean task, but up to the present time, by the persistent and unsparing concentration of our immense energies, we have been equal to it.

On several occasions we were awed into admiring wonder by the stupendous character of the Lie then before us, and fondly believed the climax had been reached at last. But the grandeur and simplicity of the example we here present our readers, seems to us to indicate a stage of progress beyond the power of the most audacious imagination to surpass.

The force of lying can no farther go! This *chef d' œuvre* is from the Richmond *Sentinel* of May 16th. Read and do homage, O disciples of SATAN and MUNCHAUSEN, his apostle, to your new master:

"The Yankee raiders captured an orderly of General TRIMBLE'S, near Tolersville, in Louisa county, with his servant and four horses, his pistol, sabre, and overcoat. About *eight days afterwards*, the orderly having been released, he repaired to the spot where he had been captured, and to his surprise as well as pleasure, found the General's favorite mare, the pistol, sabre and overcoat. The animal was tied to a tree, *on the bark of which she had doubtless* subsisted during that length of time."

What think you of that?

For our part we are doubtful which is the tougher—the "bark" of the tree, or the "bite" of the mare.

We fancy there will be no further necessity, hereafter, for her master to "tan her hide," after that "eight days'" regimen.

If he is sentimental, by the way, he will change her name, and, in memory of this marvellous episode, call her henceforth "Barkis."

What puzzles us most after all, however, is the species of tree that could have furnished this nutritious bark. Our first idea was that it was probably a butternut; but after further reflection, we incline to think it must have been one of the ever-green variety.

Whatever it may be, we recommend its extraordinary virtues to the serious consideration of the mysterious concoctor of the "S. T. X.—1860," and also to that other physician whose "sands of life" have been "nearly run out" ever since we can remember.

As Virginia soil, however, grows various sorts of trees, on, let them take care not to "bark up the wrong tree."

They will most surely find the identical one, by remembering that there are, in all probability, indications of a "mare's nest" still discernible at its foot.

MARVELS OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

FROM Panama we have wonderful accounts of a new cotton tree, growing at a place called Sierra Pino. The peculiarity of this shrub is that it produces colored cotton, but the statements that have hitherto appeared in print respecting it are vague and unsatisfactory. We have a much fuller report upon the subject from our special correspondent at Pino, who has furnished us with the following facts:

The colored-cotton tree at Sierra Pino is susceptible of cultivation in a remarkable degree. One of these shrubs, transplanted into the garden of a good *padre* near that place, and placed so as to receive the rays refracted from a stained window, threw out a number of spools wound with cotton thread of various delicate colors. There is another, in the back-yard of the *alcalde* of Pino, which may frequently be seen covered with a luxuriant bloom of cotton stockings, and, on one warm spring morning, it actually blazed out with a red and yellow petticoat, more gorgeous than any tulip cup. It is impossible, however, to prevent the women (washer) from tearing off these blossoms, with which they deck themselves for festive occasions.

Our correspondent was assured by a conscientious brigand of the Isthmus, that one of these colored-cotton trees, planted in immediate proximity to a sewing-machine and a fig-tree, has been known to turn out a complete suit of clothes from the latter in one morning, including a striped shirt and Panama hat.

There can be no doubt, whatever, that we shall hear more of this colored-cotton tree, which might be profitably introduced into Colorado.

Foreign Theatricals.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT has been acting in a new farce of his own construction, entitled "JORDAN a hard road to travel." From the moral tone of this production, it is surmised that Mr. BOUCICAULT has "taken it from the French," according to his usual practice. It has not been noticed favorably by the London press.

MR. BUCKSTONE, who has made a bushel of gold by *Lord Dundreary*, may be described as an Englishman with SOUTHERN sympathies.